And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & see where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase, (sleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.
Hir Hu. I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care
Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund, (not.
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.
Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquitie.
Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
we here, what is all *Windsor* stirring? Are you there?
Shal. God saue you sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*
Sir Hu. God plesse you sir *Iohn*, God plesse you.
Pa. Why how now sir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns
in your hand?
Ford. Those hornes he ment to place vpon my
And M. *Brooke* and he should be the men: (head,
Why how now sir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

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